

# Dr. Times Dispatch

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TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1936.

It is always the case that one truth concealed makes a dozen curses.—Washington Irving.

The Health of the City.

It is not given to every voter in the city of Richmond to add new manufacturing, new wealth or new population to the city by his own individual effort, but it is in the power of every citizen to at least help aggressively in the fight that is now being made to protect to health of his fellow citizens and his own family, by using his vote and influence for better methods in our health department. The Times-Dispatch does not wish to reflect harshly on the methods that have heretofore been used for protecting the health of the city of Richmond, but we cannot too strongly call attention to the facts set forth in the report by Dr. Emlin G. Williams, Messrs. W. W. Morton, John J. Litch, A. Berne Blair and Burton H. Grundy. These gentlemen, after a full survey of the entire city, have prepared a report which is rather in the nature of a memorial and appeal to the public of Richmond. Health and happiness of the whole community are touched upon in this report and there are no citizens too high to escape the dangers which this report sets forth, and no citizens too low to be helped by following its recommendations. At the coming primary every citizen should bear in mind the names of these gentlemen and cast his vote so that he may be enabled to carry into effect the recommendations which they have made.

The health of our city should be our supreme consideration.

Sprinkling the Streets By Private Purse.

Spring is also the season of the year when dwellers upon our two leading residence streets have the privilege of voluntarily taxing themselves to render life upon those avenues endurable. Now comes around to them again annual opportunity to pledge a monthly stipend to a private street-sprinkling concern, that the circulation of the dust, in and about their houses, may be kept within reasonable limits. The stipend is one dollar per month, per house. The season includes seven months, April to November. The alternative to the residents is to have their eyes, nostrils and houses filled with the flying sweepings of the gutters.

People do not pay taxes for the fun of the thing. Those who so disburse have the right to expect a certain quid pro quo. In organized municipalities, for example, they expect, for their money, adequate street lighting and police protection. They also expect that their streets shall be kept in proper and livable shape. We do not know that the residents of Grace and Franklin Streets are unreasonably particular, finicky and over-fussy. We take it that they are merely moved by a natural desire to keep their houses and their persons properly clean. If each of them is willing to pay voluntarily the sum of seven dollars per annum toward this end, in excess of his regular taxes, it would seem that the city's method of facilitating this cleanliness leaves much to be desired.

It is the city's business to keep the streets clean—not tolerably clean, or cleaner than ten years ago, but clean. In the warm months, it is the city's business to keep the streets well-sprinkled. Streets are not well-sprinkled when the dwellers upon them feel the need of getting together and hiring the services of a private sprinkling concern. For the city to deny adequate attention in this direction is no more logical or just than if it should deny to any street or streets proper lighting or proper police protection. All these services are equally the function of the municipal administration. Yet Richmond would offer a curious spectacle, indeed, if the dwellers upon some of her thoroughfares were so beset with footpads and burglars that they were compelled to hire, at their own expense, a squad of constables to safeguard their life, limb and property.

Richmond's tax-rate is not conspicuously low. But if it is not yet high enough to keep her streets in proper and seemly condition, it must go higher. It is a reproach to the municipality that taxpayers in it must league together and privately contribute to secure any of the reasonable services which the city owes them.

Church Principles.

In his defense of the Rev. Algernon Craspey, on trial for heresy, Mr. George Foster Peabody said:

"The need and demand of the hour are for truth—truth in thought—truth in speech—truth at all hazards! We claim the church to be witness of him who is truth. Can we witness for any truth if our ministers are to be prevented from speaking their honest thought?"

The Episcopal church is noted for its liberality and is not afraid of the truth, but there are certain underlying principles of Christianity which every Christian church must recognize and insist upon as fundamental and essential. The apostles creed is the chart of the Episcopal church. It is taught to every child

in the congregation, and those who come to the bishop to be confirmed, must acknowledge that creed before there can be a laying on of hands; and if communicants must acknowledge the creed, how much more the ministers of the church.

This is a free country, and every man is entitled to his own creed. The law does not compel or restrain. Absolute religious liberty is guaranteed under the constitution. But when a man voluntarily connects himself with any church and takes its vows upon him, he must, in honor, live up to his creed or retire from the organization. Surely no church, however liberal it may be, can be expected to allow its ministers to set at naught the essentials of faith upon which it is founded.

A Hopeless Critic.

Some people are so puffed up with a sense of their own attainments that they refuse to take instructions, even when they are wrong, from those who have superior knowledge. The Montgomery Advertiser belongs to that pitiful class of egotists. Several days ago our friend undertook to quote a classic song, but gave a weak and garbled version of it, and in a spirit of kindness we printed the stanza in its original form. We had a right to expect that the Advertiser would accept our contribution as a journalistic courtesy and kindness, but to our surprise it seems to regard it as an impertinence. It is even bold enough to impeach the correctness of our version, and makes a feeble attempt to belittle the stanza. "It is enough to set one's teeth on edge to try to speak it," is the Advertiser's irreverent comment, "and as for singing it—it would kill me." We venture to say that nobody ever sang it or tried to sing it, and we doubt if it was ever heard of beyond the confines of the T.-D. office.

Well, some people can't sing anything but psalms to a dead horse, and we are now convinced that the Advertiser knows no more about music than it knows about poetry. Our friend's case is hopeless, and we dismiss the subject. In the meantime the stanza holds its place among the classics, in utter defiance of uncultured or obvious criticism:

"I went up the new-cut road,  
She came down the lane;  
I axed Liza Jane to marry me;  
She axed me want I rhyme,  
I turned my back upon her side—  
O, g'long, Liza Jane."  
Can't sing it, indeed! A man with any sort of turn for music can't help singing it when once the catchy air gets running in his head.

The Mayor and the Gas Works.

In his interview published in yesterday's paper, Mayor McCarthy showed in a striking way the value Richmond has in her gas works. If the proposal to lease the works has done no more, it has at least aroused the people to a realization of the worth of this municipal asset. If the plant is worth so much to a private corporation, it ought to be worth quite as much to the city of Richmond. If a private corporation can put aside a handsome sinking fund from year to year and still make two hundred thousand dollars a year clear profit without increasing the price of gas, why cannot the city do as well in operating on her own account?

We do not believe that the people at large wish to have the works leased; but if the city is to continue to operate the plant, they demand that it shall be on strictly business and scientific principles, and that the best results be shown.

We agree with Mayor McCarthy that the best method of management is no easy problem. We are of opinion, however, that a commission is the best solution yet offered. One thing is sure, however, and that is that in order to get the best results under municipal operation, the slipshod methods of the past must be thoroughly repudiated. The Council's modus operandi needs rehabilitation quite as much as the plant.

The Blackburn Case.

"That was indeed a poor showing made by the government in the prosecution of Representative E. Spencer Blackburn," remarks the Charlotte Observer, "for taking fees for practicing before the departments, and it was not a surprise that Judge Goff instructed the jury to bring in a verdict of not guilty. There was not in the evidence offered by the government, it seems to us, sufficient testimony to have given a magistrate 'probable cause,' and why District Attorney Holton and his associates should go before the court with such a flimsy case is a mystery."

It is a pity that an innocent man should have been made the victim of such a prosecution, but the incident has its wholesome lesson and will do good. It shows how careful every public man must be. He must avoid the very appearance of evil. The people have their eyes open, and if any public man is under suspicion he is sure to be brought to book. For some reason, Congressman Blackburn was under suspicion, and it was well for him and for public morals that he was called into court and given the opportunity to clear himself of it and establish his innocence. There may be other members of Congress who needed the warning which this trial gives.

Advertising Virginia.

As already mentioned in our news columns the Department of Agriculture has issued an attractive book entitled "Virginia: Information for the Home-seeker and Investor." The book was edited by Captain T. C. Morton, of Staunton, and is the forerunner of a more pretentious hand-book, which Captain Morton is now preparing for the department.

The book under review contains an excellent map of Virginia, and there is abundant information concerning the climate, resources and social conditions of the State in all sections. There are numerous illustrations, showing farm products, fruits, stock, water courses, forests, mountains and seashore. The descriptions will give the outsider a fairly intelligent conception of life in old Virginia, and there are numerous letters from settlers, testifying their own pros-

perity in farming on Virginia soil. These settlers are from South Dakota, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska, New York, Ohio and Wisconsin. They all say that they purchased lands at comparatively cheap prices and have been successful beyond their expectations. It goes without saying that they are pleased with our climate and social conditions.

The book contains a great deal of valuable statistical matter, and we have no doubt that its circulation will result in bringing many more settlers to the State. Now is the time for Virginia to advertise. The disorder in the West will emphasize the fact that this State is free, not only from earthquakes, but from all forms of violent phenomena. As a place of residence, Virginia has no superior and few equals in the States of America. These and all our advantages should be advertised well in advance of the Jamestown celebration.

A Richmond preacher is distressed because he has received anonymous letters criticising his work. If he will take our advice, he will not allow such letters to annoy him. The person who assails an anathema in this cowardly way has the instincts of the assassin, but lacks the assassin's nerve. The only harm that he is capable of doing is to annoy, and he should never be accorded that much of satisfaction. The only way to treat a dirty letter of this character is to take it up with the fangs and put it in the garbage pile, where it belongs, and then dismiss it from mind.

It is reported that the disaster in San Francisco has resulted in many weddings. Women, driven out of their homes and left destitute, have appealed to the men to whom they were engaged, and marriages have been immediately effected. This goes to show that nothing short of an earthquake will bring some men to terms. Confirmed bachelors in all solemn regions should take warning.

Wealthy New Yorkers, like Edith (Klingdon) Gould and John D. Rockefeller (ne De Rocqueville), have been busy themselves, with marked success, in finding distinguished ancestors back in the 10th and 11th centuries. Nothing could well be more gratifying than this, except, possibly, to have ancestors that do not require finding.

All the world pities San Francisco, and pity is good as far as it goes. But the people of the stricken city need more than pity now.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Yes, and more than pitiences.

Those who maintain that woman's intelligence is not fitted for grappling with politics must now confess, however, that they had overlooked the D. A. R.

These last few days, however, the Man with the Muck Rake has been replaced in the popular esteem by the Man with the Pocket-Book.

"We drank up \$1,548,000 in 1935," confesses the New York World. For one hard-working editor, we submit, that is drinking some.

The doughty P. Jones is to be buried again to-day. It is our sincere wish that this time, at last, he may be allowed to rest in peace.

If the government sticks its nose into the fertilizer companies it is apt to find that they are all more or less in bad odor.

As for those who had already taken 'em off, we can only say with sorrow, that yesterday served them right.

Yet it may be that this was merely Gorky's idea of "A Russian Honey-moon."

It's an ill wind that blows an investigation of a fertilizer trust.

Socialism and Free Love.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—You state in your editorial of today, "Gorky and His Socialistic Friends," that a much different light is thrown on the subject when one is thrown with some socialistic doctrines in healthy working order, inferring, I presume, that Gorky's actions in New York are indicative of the principle of all men interested in Socialism.

I wish to state that you are in error, and challenge you to prove your assertion that the Socialist principles advocate such relationship as that which existed between Gorky and his companion.

And seeing that you are the investigator of this important question, kindly state in your editorial answer whether you will consent to publish the only known principles of Socialism for the inspection of your readers in your editorial column.

Yours for Intelligence,

WILLIAM J. SCHNER.

Our correspondent is in error in "presuming" that we implied that Gorky's alleged relations with his woman companion "are indicative of the principles of all men interested in Socialism."

To say this would be to tax every "man interested in Socialism" with immorality, and we certainly neither made nor implied any such charge. What we did say was that Socialism "looks to the ready transit from one marriage to another," and we were quite within the facts in saying so.

The essence of Socialism is, of course, economic change, but if our correspondent will go to the reference books he will discover that many leading Socialists, from Robert Owen down, have maintained remarkably lax views regarding the marriage relation and the family. The term Socialism is too broad in its use to admit of any hard and fast set of definitions, and such pronouncements, for example, as the political platform of the Socialist party can lay no claim to comprising the whole of it.—Editor The Times-Dispatch.

Nano Day, Albertus. Sun rises at 5:16, sets at 6:44.

1556—Osepe Nape, the first ambassador from Russia to England, made his appearance at the court of Elizabeth and delivered his master's presents.

1731—Daniel Defoe, a popular English author, who wrote Robinson Crusoe, died.

1845—China issued edict permitting foreigners to teach Christian religion.

1851—The initial point of that portion of the boundary between the United States and Mexico, which, at thirty-two degrees, twenty-two minutes north, is to run three degrees westward to the Gulf of Mexico, was established on the right bank of the Rio Grande del Norte, in thirty-two degrees, twenty-two minutes north latitude, and 216.1 metres from the center of the bed of the river, by the American and Mexican commissioners, and a monument erected.

1881—Salazar captured by the Confederates. Fort Smith, Ark., seized by the Confederates, under Senator Boland. Cairo, Ill., occupied by Union troops.

1882—The Union fleet, having removed the obstructions in the Mississippi, passed Fort Jackson and St. Philip on its way to New Orleans.

1900—The United States Senate denied admission to Matthew Quay, who had been appointed by the Governor of Pennsylvania.

1905—First split in new Ishmian Canal Commission; four members insist on immediate adoption of plans; Shonts, Wallace and Magoon urge delay until consulting board submits plan.

His Bride His Step-Sister.

Henry S. Wylie, of Kearny, N. J., is now his father's son-in-law.

His step-mother is his mother-in-law. His wife is his step-sister.

His daughter, if he has any, will be his niece.

His son will be his nephew.

All this curious tangle has resulted from the fact that the two Wylies—father and son—married, respectively, a mother and her daughter.

The younger Wylie's bride of yesterday is Miss Daisy Warren, of Schuylers Avenue, Kearny, New York.

Mr. G. Frank Garber, who attended the Royal Arcanum last week, has returned to Staunton.

Merely Joking.

His Finish.—"As near as I could judge, when I finished my sermon I seemed to have the approbation of my audience, my dear."

"You did—when you finished."—Houston Post.

Lord.—"But you are not going to wear that necktie at your wedding?" "Yes, I am; why not?" "But I thought you told me it was to be a quiet wedding?"—Houston Post.

Tale of Valor.—Gunner: "I understand that the major says ten horses were killed under him?" Guyer: "Yes, the major used to have a flat over a sausage factory."—Chicago Daily News.

Very Recently.—Mr. Wade Parker: "My dear, this silver looks as if it hadn't been cleaned recently." Mrs. Wade Parker: "But it has been—only two girls ago."—Cleveland Leader.

One Exception.—"All the world loves a lover," remarked the young man, who was making his first call. "You haven't met my father yet, have you?" asked the young lady.—Cassell's Journal.

Smelled Funny.—Gunner: "What are you talking about, man? Why, this cigar is so expensive it comes in a celluloid case." Guyer: "It isn't that the celluloid case you are smoking, or the cigar?"—Tit-Bits.

THIS DAY IN HISTORY

April 24th.

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A DIMPLE MAKER.

Find a child with dimples and chubby arms and legs and you find a healthy child. Find one with drawn face and poor, thin body and you see one that needs Scott's Emulsion. Your doctor will no doubt tell you the child is fat-starved—its food is not nourishing it.

Nothing helps these thin, pale children like Scott's Emulsion. It contains the very element of fat they need. It supplies them with a perfect and quickly digested nourishment. Scott's Emulsion brings dimples and rounded limbs.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 400 Pearl Street, New York.

Rhymes for To-day

The Lost Cords.

[With apologies to Adelaide Anne.]

Seated one day with my Jew's harp—

I think 'twas one evening last June—

I was twanging along rather boredly

Some taking, yet trivial tune.

I do not know what I was playing—

I made it up going along—

Till I struck eight chords from my harp

Like the sound of a trolley-car gong.

They flooded the crimson twilight

With a gleam of fire from a squalid

Indeed they were more like the clang of

Some murderous automobile.

They stirred up some pain and much

sorrow,

And my mind saw a vision of strife—

Just a trolley-car rounding the corner,

And slaying a man and his wife.

And then they seemed more like a church

bell

Out pealing its mournfullest songs,

And again they were more like some

Or some succulent dinner gong.

I sought to repeat them, but vainly,

Those cute, yet mysterious notes,

Which had dashed from my Caneblat

zither

Like so many Gaddarene shoats.

And I said: "Why, Adelaide Proctor

is no longer in it at all!

She lost just a cord—but good heavens!

Look at me who have lost a whole ball!"

Well, I found I had lost them completely—

All this was one evening last June—

So I yawned and went on idly twanging

That taking, yet trivial tune.

H. S. H.

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SWANSON AMONG THE NEOPHYTES

Virginia Governor and Kentucky

Congressman Initiated Into

Legal Fraternity.

OTHER PROMINENT MEN

Fraternity Was Founded at

Cornell and Has Twenty Ac-

tive Chapters.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., April 23.—

Four distinguished neophytes were initiated into the mysteries of the Virginia Chapter of the Delta Chi at the annual

spring initiation of that legal fraternity—

Governor Claude A. Swanson, of Virginia; Congressman Francis A. Hopkins, of Kentucky; Hon. John B. Mott and Judge R. T. W. Duke, of this city. The

initiation took place at the Delta Chi Chapter house at the University of Virginia. After the initiation ceremony a

banquet was served at Hotel Gleason.

Judge Baker, of Washington, United States district attorney for the District of Columbia; Mr. Duke, of this city; the

assistant United States district attorney, and Mr. W. B. Brice, a prominent attorney

of Washington, were guests of the local chapter and assisted in the initiation.

Mr. Brice and Mr. Mott, members of the executive council of Delta Chi, Hon. George B. Cortelyou, Post-

master-General of the United States and president of the Delta Chi fraternity, was

expected to attend the initiation, but was at the last moment prevented by official business, and sent a telegram of re-

spect.

The University of Virginia Chapter of the Delta Chi fraternity was founded at

Cornell University in 1880, and at present has twenty active chapters and about

two thousand members.

A STRIKER ARRESTED.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

NORFOLK, Va., April 23.—Joe Web-

ber, a striking lineman of the Southern Bell Telephone Company, arrested Sat-

urday night for assaulting R. W. Tomlin, a strike-breaker, on Main Street, was

fined \$10 and costs in the Police Court to-day. The Southern Bell made an effort

to have Webber convicted on a charge of interfering with its work, but was not

successful in that.

Captain F. E. Yenman, general manager of the Southern Bell at Norfolk, wanted Webber put under a peace bond,

but that Justice Simmonds refused.

He said, however: "If I thought beyond a reasonable doubt that this assault

was made on Tomlin because he was a non-union man I would not hesitate to

require of him a peace bond."

WOMAN WAS OVERCOME.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)